

**THE
MARCH OF
FAITH**



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The Field Afar—the Magazine of Maryknoll

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THE FIELD AFAR is indexed in *The Catholic Periodical Index*, to be found in public libraries.

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

Most Reverend James Edward Walsh, M.M., Superior General

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll", in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

Object—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

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"No Room in the Inn"

A series of plays, given by the school children at Fushun, Manchukuo, portrayed the story of Bethlehem for the Christians and curious pagan neighbors as well



THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1936



Ye Merrie Christmas At The Knoll



IT IS CHILL OUTSIDE AT MARYKNOLL, AS IT WAS AT BETHLEHEM THAT CHRISTMAS MORN, BUT INSIDE THERE IS A LIGHT AND A GLOW WHICH SEEMS TO BULGE OUT OF EVERY DOOR AND WINDOW



HAT night the angels bent low from the satin sky and touched their sweet harps as they sang of peace and good will.

We feel at Maryknoll that we understand. We look out on the valley below us, much as dwellers in Bethlehem may look off over the fields where the shepherds lay and myriad stars in the sky above blink ecstatically in the silence. It is quite the setting for the sweep of the heavenly choirs.

It is chill outside, as it was at Bethlehem that Christmas morn, but inside there is a light and a

glow which seems to bulge out of every door and window. For it is the greatest Maryknoll feast day. It is the day which brought the Light which is the light of men, the Glow which is the fire for men's hearts.

At midnight we garnish the Mass with its finest ornaments and plain-song and the Newborn Child enters our breasts. We sense the tawdriness of His dwelling place within us, plain and crude like the ox's stall, the wooden manger and the swaddling folds.

GOD'S gift to us is Jesus. Our gift to God is what?

But the cave of His birth teaches us that He is not fastidious: He can be satisfied with a spiritually poor man's heart as easily as with a poor man's hovel. And since poor men are the most numerous over the face of the earth, certainly the lesson of Christmas is that Christ has come for the many.

Missioner's Joys—

Ye merrie Christmas of the storybook and of home, sweet home means the bright yule log, the holly, the garlands, the gifts, the home-comings, the festal boards heaped high with mince pies and plum puddings.

THE CHRIST CHILD CAME FOR ALL.

THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1936



AT THE HOME KNOLL, MISSIONERS-TO-BE PRAY FOR THOSE WHO ARE TEACHING CHRISTMAS TO THE NEWLY-WON IN THE EAST. THEY TUCK AWAY IN THEIR HEARTS THE LESSONS, LOVE AND INSPIRATIONS OF CHRISTMAS, AGAINST THE DAY AHEAD WHEN THEY WILL IMPART ALL THIS TO OTHERS

The missioner centers his Christmas joy in other things. He finds a fleeting moment, we may be sure, to dream of boyhood Christmases gone by. But his all-engrossing task, the sum of all his hopes, his fears, his struggles for weeks before the day, is in making Christmas speak and live for his freshly-born Christian flock.

And at Maryknoll our central thought is of our fellow Knollers in the fields, striving so earnestly to give Christmas all its bloom of glory in the hearts of their new sons in Christ.

This, then, is part of the Maryknoller's task. Here at the Home Knoll he throbs to the beat of Christmas, he dwells in its joy, he drinks of its beauty. He prays for those who have gone out before him, who are teaching Christmas to the newly-won in the East. He tucks away in his heart, then, its lessons, its love, its inspirations, against the day ahead when he is to impart all this to others.

A Home-Coming—

We go to press too early to describe an event which will have deep meaning to all Maryknollers, the interment at the Home Knoll of the remains of Father Price.

As we write, Father Robert Kennelly, of Norwalk, Conn., is returning to the United States on furlough and accompanies the body of our co-founder. With him it will cross the country and, late in November, an impressive ceremony will take place in our little God's acre when these remains will be lowered at the side of Bishop James Anthony Walsh who, a quarter of a century ago, was co-laborer with Father Price in the foundation of Maryknoll.

Father Price went to China in 1918 as head of Maryknoll's first mission band. After a year of

**SPONSOR a Native Catechist
in the Maryknoll mission
fields of China or Korea. Pray
for him, pay for him, and you
will share his fruits.**

saintly labors, he passed away at Hong Kong September 12, 1919, and was buried in Happy Valley Cemetery. Now after seventeen years he returns home. Sunset Hill thus will hold within its bosom the one and the other of the two to whom, under God, Maryknoll owes all.

Maryknoll "Prep" Houses—

Part of the Christmas cheer in the Maryknoll family consists of strengthening the fraternal bond between the various houses of preparation. These, let us remind you if you have forgotten, total half a dozen.

Besides the major seminary, there is the Maryknoll Preparatory College at Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania, a few minutes from Scranton. One of the happy events upon Bishop Walsh's assumption of his task as Maryknoll's General was to preside at the Clarks Summit College at the induction into office of the new Rector, another of the Walsh tribe, Father Thomas Walsh of Kokomo, Indiana. Father Walsh succeeds Father William O'Shea, of Brooklyn, who now must reside at the Center as Secretary General of the Society.

We should mention in passing that few corners of the country can rival Scranton for the cordiality of its priests toward Maryknoll. Bishop O'Reilly has co-operated with his clergy in completing the Bishop Hoban Burse (\$5,000), for the education of a student at Clarks Summit. We feel very grateful to both Bishop and priests.

The novitiate at Bedford likewise welcomed Bishop Walsh shortly after his arrival from China. He fell in love with the cozy farmhouse twenty miles from Boston, the possession of Maryknoll through the kindness of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell. He was captivated likewise by the warmth of the reception given him by the priests of Boston, staunch and generous friends of everything Maryknoll.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary in

LET THE GENTILE BE OF GOOD CHEER,

THE FIELD AFAR

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Cincinnati has a new Rector in the person of Father Arthur Merfeld, of Dougherty, Iowa, who, besides fathering the company of Maryknoll students, teaches at St. Gregory's Seminary where our boys attend classes. The real father of Maryknoll-in-Cincinnati, however, is Archbishop McNicholas who in no uncertain way has shown his priests and people that the little squadron of foreign mission aspirants, whom he has housed on his seminary grounds and whom he feeds at his seminary table, holds his heart.

Los Altos is some fifty miles from San Francisco. Nestled in a sunny sheltered valley is St. Joseph's, the Archdiocesan preparatory seminary, and nearby is Maryknoll's Junior Seminary for the Pacific Coast. We are proud of the many splendid young men who have come to us from the neighborhood of the Golden Gate. "There is the man who is stealing my best vocations," bantered Archbishop Mitty recently, indicating a Maryknoll Father who has helped make us so well known in San Francisco. The Archbishop was a protagonist of Maryknoll two decades ago when he was a pastor a few miles up the Hudson from us. He has been a leader in loyalty during the years both in the East and in the West.

Detroit is our Benjamin. Father Sheridan has his little house near Sacred Heart Seminary and has his first few students attending the diocesan institution, welcomed by Bishop Gallagher, who despite all his problems remains always an ardent missioner.

Maryknoll candidates in these half dozen houses total almost 300.

"Liturgical Arts"—

A young man of naturally inquisitive mind worked, years ago, with the architectural firm of Maginnis and Walsh, Boston. He took a special interest in rubrical questions and thus became very useful to his employers who had numerous ecclesiastical clients.

He — Maurice Lavanoux — un-

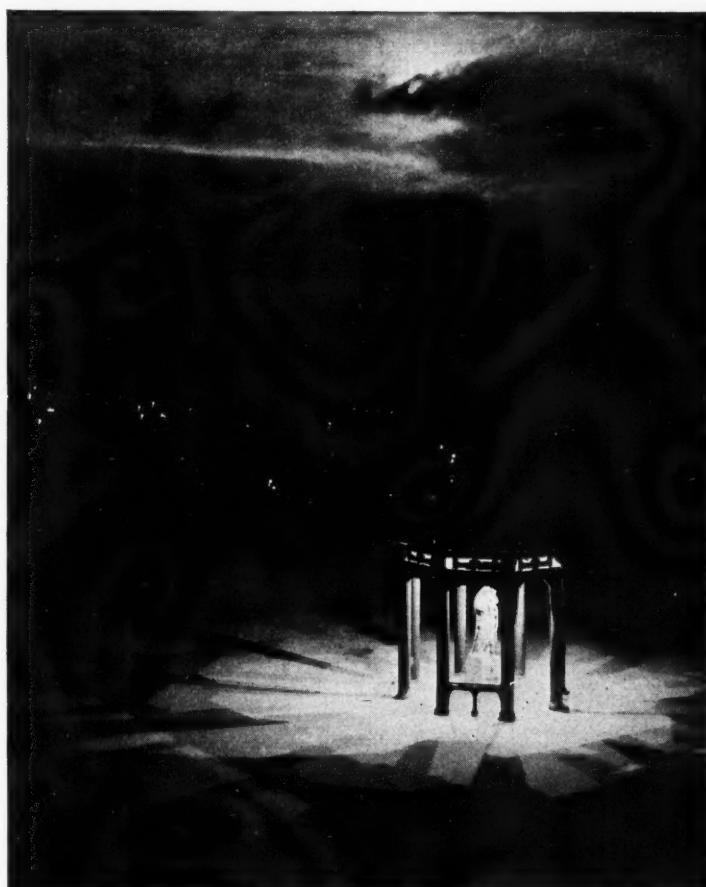
covered kindred spirits, notably Harry Lorin Binsse, and they played an important part in founding the Liturgical Arts Society, of 300 Madison Avenue, New York, a Society which does much for Church art but little materially for those who give it their time. Theirs is in great part a work of love.

Mr. Lavanoux and Mr. Binsse prepare a beautiful periodical, *Liturgical Arts*. The issue just off the press is largely occupied with the buildings of Maryknoll.

Sigurd Fischer has provided the excellent photographs. Michael

Williams, whom we welcome in frequent visits almost as one of the community, heaps encomiums upon the Maryknoll Society. Another friend, Barry Byrne, who has walked our paths and studied our structures under the changing humors of sun and sky and landscape, writes an appreciation of the work of Mr. Maginnis and Mr. Walsh whose devoted study of our problems gave us our distinctive edifices.

We shall be happy to supply to any friend of the Knoll a copy of this Maryknoll issue. The cost of the number is fifty cents.



IN THE QUADRANGLE AT MARYKNOLL, MARY AND HER DIVINE CHILD FIND SHELTER UNDER AN ORIENTAL KIOSK, SYMBOL OF THE HOSPITALITY AND WELCOME MARYKNOLLERS WOULD PROVIDE FOR THEM IN THE FAR EAST

BECAUSE HE IS BIDDEN TO SHARE LIFE. — ST. LEO.

Mud and Stars

By Most Rev. James Edward Walsh, M.M., who was chosen last July to succeed Maryknoll's co-founder as Superior General. This article was written for THE FIELD AFAR before Bishop Walsh left China to make his residence at the Center, Maryknoll, N. Y.



HE contractor who built the Kongmoon jail was a friend of mine—or perhaps I should call him an enemy. He also built our cathedral and, by the time it was completed, our friendship had cooled considerably. However, he was good enough to bolster up the tottering structure with some extra reinforcing at his own expense, and having thus made sure that the building would not fall down before he was able to get off the premises, he took his departure more or less amicably.

His last word was an invitation to inspect the new jail which he had erected for the city authorities concurrently. The thought came to me that if the jail was anything like our chapel, the prisoners would have little trouble in pushing it over some fine day and walking out to freedom, but instead of voicing the ungracious truth I weakly succumbed to polite custom, and asserted that I desired nothing more in life than an opportunity to inspect the work of art in question.

A Slight Proportion of Law Breakers

It was five years before I acted on my friend's suggestion to visit the jail in my own city. In fact, it had to be supplemented by a pressing invitation on the part of the Mandarin, who knew my oft-expressed desire to explore avenues of charity in his district, and was likewise aware of my natural preference, in my penniless state, for openings of a nature that entailed no outlay of cash.

The very first trip revealed not one prison but three. The first was the detention prison in the Mandarin's Yamen for cases pending trial. The second was the main prison, housing prisoners

who have received a sentence from the Mandarin's court. The third was the judicial jail that harbors prisoners convicted of certain delinquencies reserved to the circuit judge. These three prisons contain all the felons of the entire district, except those that are at large, and the inmates of all three number at present only slightly over two hundred. As the population of the Sunwui District is a bit over a million, the slight proportion of law breakers—at least of those who got caught—is quite respectably low.

We did not spend a great deal of time in the detention prison. Of the three it possessed the poorest facilities.

A Model Workshop

The main jail is the one that made the best impression on me, and I hope that I likewise made a good impression on it. The place itself astonished me by its modern and sanitary lay-out.

The greatest surprise, however, was the workshop. The warden escorted me to the place, and I smothered some envy as I realized that this roomy shed was practically the replica of a plan we ourselves had recently sketched in a vain hope of providing a gymnasium for our seminarians. Light, air, and cleanliness were prominent and plentiful in this building, where fifty prisoners with fettered feet were busily engaged in making bamboo suitcases and chairs. These men had sentences varying from one year to "no date", as they called it, which is their euphemism for a lifer. Such nice, humble fellows I have seldom seen. "We foolish men

If you are in search of a Christmas gift for a friend in religion—a priest, Brother, or Sister—think of a Maryknoll Perpetual Membership.

We know that you will be blessed for making such a choice.

have broken the laws of our country", said the spokesman, "but we did it in ignorance, because we had no chance to study books. When we get released, we are going to act differently, so that we can practice virtue and acquire merit."

The workshop is not large enough to hold all the prison's eighty inmates, so the men must take turns at this privilege, which is also a reward of good conduct. I was informed that it was possible to make four cents a day at this work by good diligence, and that most of the men used their earnings to vary the prison menu. "The warden feeds us well", they explained, "only it is always the same. Salt fish is good, until you have to eat it every day. We buy vegetables with our money, and maybe a piece of pork once or twice a year."

Mr. Lei—

It was easy to see that the secret of this surprisingly well conducted prison must be a humane warden, and when we met Mr. Lei the secret was revealed. He is not a local man, but was brought here from the North River section, where he had made a good record in this sort of work. Nobody could take better care of the prisoners. In addition to providing useful work for them, he keeps their quarters spic and span by constant scrubbing and disinfecting, feeds them adequately, and has a doctor call once each week to treat any sick ones among them. Most of all he is interested in their moral reform, and for this reason he gave me a very effusive welcome, with every encouragement to preach to his charges to my heart's desire.

An Encomium of Our Own

Mr. Lei and his prisoners were so friendly and agreeable that we made many visits to the jail and preached them many sermons. There were plenty of chairs in the workshop, but prison etiquette prevented the prisoners from utilizing them, so they had to stand in

their manacled feet, sometimes for an hour or more, while my catechist and I exhausted our oratory. They stood and listened very patiently, and even clapped us in a body every time we concluded—and very possibly because we concluded. We became great friends, and after a while inveigled Mr. Lei into relaxing his rules a wee trifle so that we could insinuate, in addition to the already approved doctrine books, some little gifts that are usual in China, such as cakes, medicines, towels, and soap. This brought us an encomium of our own, brushed in beautiful characters by the chief scribe among the prisoners:

"To the honorable Father,

"We are prisoners who had a poor living and no education, because the intellectual powers were feeble, and so we unintentionally broke the laws of our country and merited punishment. We wished to repent, but we did not have the virtue to attain to it. How painful!"

"Now we have had the fortune to receive your visits, and we give grateful thanks for your words of consolation, together with books and cakes. We hope you will attend the prison often to explain doctrines, so that all of us may reform and become good. Happiness, happiness! We bow down a special thanks."

"To Jail For Preaching"—

Just what a missioner could hope to derive from this sort of work is a question. The prisoners are actually hard to help, for though willing and grateful, yet they cannot imbibe much doctrine from an occasional sermon. No doubt some little good is done, however, by the few grains of seed sown. When released from prison later on, these men will probably retain some little friendliness towards the Church, even if they never enter it.

Perhaps the best result of this sort of effort, however, is not what it accom-

plishes inside the prison, but outside. A good impression is made on the Chinese general public by any sort of charitable work, and the more miserable the object, the more striking the impression. Indeed in this particular case a certain impression was made, if an unusual one, even in the mission itself.

Our oldest seminarian is a deacon with a six year course in English behind him, and he knows many words, if he does not always get them in the right place. Missing the prison visitor from the lunch table, he undertook to explain the absence to the community. "The Bishop went to jail for preaching", he announced.

His remark was greeted with the utmost gravity on the part of a facetious clergyman who learned his English in Brooklyn. "Well, I am not at all surprised", he observed. "After listening to his sermons every Sunday for the past few years, I should say he richly deserved it."



THE PRO-CATHEDRAL AT KONGMOON

The Oriental architecture of Kongmoon's Cathedral makes it appear a perfect jewel but Bishop Walsh's remark disillusioned: "If the jail is anything like our chapel, the prisoners would have little trouble in pushing it over some fine day and walking out to freedom"

OR FOR AT LEAST ONE DAY DURING THE NEW YEAR.

THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1936



A Christmas Story

This story was written by a Maryknoller, as a tribute to Bishop James Anthony Walsh, Maryknoll's co-founder, who went to God last April.



CHRISTMAS DAY of the year 1917 was chill and gray in the city of Canton, but there was a warm glow in the heart of a visiting American priest, Father James Anthony Walsh, the co-founder and first Superior General of Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

As he made his way from the Bishop's House to the Cathedral, along a path outlined by a wealth of flowers in full bloom, he looked up at the twin towers of the graceful edifice and marveled at the skill and courage of China's pioneer missionaries. The rearing of that beautiful structure in a strange land, at a period when Catholics were practically without representation in the city, had been nothing short of boldness, he reflected.

An Unforgettable Experience—

At the gracious invitation of Bishop de Guébriant, the Vicar Apostolic of Canton, he had celebrated Midnight Mass in the Cathedral. It had been an unforgettable experience.

The great building aglow with life and light in the heart of a pagan city, the deep-toned bell pealing forth the Tidings of Great Joy in the distant land of China, the quiet dignity of assistant native priests and the devotion of a score of well-trained, neatly dressed Chinese altar boys had all contributed to make a deep impression on the traveler from afar.

Then there had been the firecracker salute immediately after the Consecration, solemn as the "present arms" of a company of soldiers before the Blessed Sacrament. And, best of all, there had been that long line of Chinese men, women, and children, come to tabernacle the Divine Babe in their own bodies. Two priests had given Holy Communion steadily until after a second Mass had been finished.

A LITTLE BOY OF HEAVENLY BIRTH,

The Christ Child's Gift to Maryknoll—

That afternoon the Christ Child had made a gift to Father Walsh's young Society, through the hands of an "elder brother in Christ", Bishop de Guébriant.

The French prelate had offered a portion of his Vicariate as a field for Maryknoll's young apostles-to-be, an agreement had been drawn up and in the Bishop's room a few hours ago, after a prayer to the Holy Ghost, it had been signed. It now remained only to await the authorization of the *Sacred Congregation of Propaganda* in Rome.

Father Walsh was experiencing a feeling of great relief and unbounded gratitude to the Master of the Vineyard. It recalled the emotion felt in Rome when, on the Feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul, June 29, 1911, in his own apartment the saintly Cardinal Gotti had given the newborn Maryknoll its commission and had bidden it start on its task of bringing peoples of the Orient to Christ.

The Superior of the American Society did not conceal from himself that from several points of view Maryknoll's future field was hardly attractive. There was the sweltering, unhealthy climate, the fact that the country districts were overrun by looting bandits, the paucity of Christians, for since the outbreak of the World War in 1914 no priest had been available for this sector. But the more he thought of it the more Father Walsh felt convinced that the priests of Maryknoll would be stimulated rather than discouraged by the prospect.

"The future is in God's hands," he said to himself. "Weak instruments He can use to accomplish great things. May He find in our pioneers apostolic hearts beating in unison with His, and in their quest for souls may they be mindful above all things of His great Glory!"

A Little One is Raised in Blessing—

Evening shadows were now intensifying the wintry gray, and Father Walsh hastened his step towards the Cathedral, where he desired to offer renewed thanksgiving before supper at the Bishop's House.

As he made his way to a side entrance, he noticed before the closed main door a young Chinese woman with a baby boy in her arms. Her dress

was different from that worn by the Cantonese women whom he had thus far noticed, and a white veil covered her head. With one hand she was pushing against the great door, which Father Walsh suspected must at that hour be barred from within. She must be a stranger, he thought.

Instinctively he went towards her to guide her to the side entrance, and she turned and looked at him. Her face had glowing beauty, which seemed to come from within, investing her with majesty and purity. It was also strangely familiar. She smiled at the American priest and signed to him to open the door. He felt sure that this would be impossible, but how explain this to the Chinese lady? So he pushed and to his amazement the immense portals yielded instantly and swung wide.

The young mother entered and from the threshold spoke to Father Walsh. "This day," she said, "you have opened for my Son a great door. By it the people of China will reach the heart of Catholic America, it will give entrance into this land for hundreds of young American apostles, and through it millions of Chinese will come to know my Little One."

The beautiful lady raised high in her arms her black haired Child, Who stretched out a chubby hand in a gesture singularly like a blessing. For a moment the two figures appeared to be outlined in brilliant light against the dim interior of the Cathedral, and then they vanished out of his sight.

Janua Coeli

At supper that evening Father Walsh lost no time in relating his adventure, but he had gotten no farther than telling how the great door had yielded to his touch when Bishop de Guébriant shook his head in perplexity.

"The main door is strongly barred from inside except at the hours of service", he said. "You couldn't possibly have opened it. Can you describe the Chinese lady?"

"Well," began Father Walsh, and then stopped in amazement as he caught sight of a picture at the far end of the room. "There she is," he exclaimed, "that is just how I saw her. Even the gown is identical!"

Understanding illumined the fine face

of the French Bishop. "That is a painting of Our Lady of China", he explained. "This day she has welcomed you and your sons and daughters of Maryknoll into the apostolic family. You see how her words link Maryknoll with the centuries of apostolic tradition. *For a great door and evident is opened unto me* (1 Cor. 16. 9), said the Apostle of the Gentiles. Here in this very land of China, when one of its dauntless pioneer missionaries, Father Matthew Ricci, S.J., lay dying in 1610 at Peking, his last words to his confrères were: *"I leave you before an*



"This day," she said, "you have opened for my Son a great door. By it the people of China will reach the heart of Catholic America, it will give entrance into this land for hundreds of young American apostles, and through it millions of Chinese will come to know my Little One."

opened door."

"No wonder that beautiful face was so familiar", said Father Walsh, "I have loved it all my life. Our Lady of China, Our Lady of Maryknoll, Our Lady of all the peoples of the earth, herself the Golden Door by which the nations, even though it be from the darkest midnight of paganism, shall come to worship Christ the Lord, the Light of the World. *O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria!*"

Gifts for a Seminarian's Mother

YOU must smile I know
At what I gave you long ago;
Mother, you recall
When I was very small,
The milk-white "lucky" stones
I found and carried home—
And the bottled bumble bee
I brought for you to see.
And you never gave a sign
That your delight was less than mine
The day I brought into the house
A bright eyed, wooly mouse!
When at school I won for you
A dozen marbles—O, so blue;
I stole roses from some yard
And in Church, a "holy card".
Now I think of you at night
And in the morning when I pray.
Accept these sincere lines
Of this poor verse of mine;
Those former things were worthless
And these are—O, so small!
But the future still holds all—
If Our God is kind
In the future I shall find
That which brightest beamed
Among my boyhood dreams . . .
When vested in the priestly white,
Underneath the altar light,
I can give—our God—to you!

—George Krock

BOOKLETS RECEIVED

A Novena to the Jesuit Martyrs of North America—

By John J. McGrath, S.J. Published by the Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Price 5¢.

Hero of the Hard Trail—

The Cheerful Giver—

"Up Then, My Soul!"—

Stories of St. Noel Chabanel, St. Charles Garnier, and St. Gabriel Lalemant, by Neil Boyton, S.J. Published by the Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Price 5¢.

Vest Pocket Booklets on the Social Question—

By Dom Virgil Michel, O.S.B., Ph.D. "Saint Thomas and Today." "Human Rights." "Ownership." "Labor and Industry." "The Nature of Capitalism." "Critique of Capitalism." "Ideals of Reconstruction." Published by the Wanderer Printing Co., 128 E. Tenth Street, St. Paul, Minn. Price 15¢ each. The set of seven, \$1.00.

"Silent Night, Holy Night," at Schichirigahama

By Father William M. Mackesy, of Lynn, Mass., Maryknoll Missioner in Japan



MARYKNOLLERS CAUGHT IN THE BEWITCHING FAIRYLAND OF A SNOW SCENE IN JAPAN

NOW Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace:

Because my eyes have seen Thy salvation,
Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples:

A light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people Israel. (St. Luke 2, 29-32.)

On Christmas Eve, I wound my way along the paths skirting the rice fields to a little village not very far from the Schichirigahama tuberculosis hospital. I knew the road well, for it was my fourth

visit within ten days. I also knew that this would be my last visit.

Just about ten days previously I had been called to a young woman, twenty-nine years of age, who was nearing death. She had learned the story of the First Christmas and Calvary from an old lady who was caring for her, and wished Baptism. Twice more I had visited her, bringing her Holy Communion, and now it was my last journey.

Her body was wasted away with consumption, but her eyes shone with a holy light. "It's all right *Shimpusama* (Father)," she said, "for I'm going to Heaven. The room is filled with angels and the

Blessed Virgin is also here waiting."

The room was cold and she lay upon the straw *tatami* which covers the floors of Japanese houses, but the place seemed holy, like the stable of Bethlehem was holy. I knew that I should be getting back to look over that sermon I was to give at the Midnight Mass, but I waited until the Blessed Virgin also finished her waiting and had led the blessed soul before the Heavenly Throne of the Newborn King.

It was a true preparation for Midnight Mass. I hadn't seen the angels, like the shepherds of old, but I had seen one who had.

COMES DOWN TO FIND HIS BALL —

"Silent Night, Holy Night"—

The Japanese Sisters sang the Mass, and also the "*Adeste Fidelis*" in Latin. The pastor managed to get through the sermon, despite the lack of practice. There wasn't any stove in the chapel, but we brought in a couple of large containers with live coals burning in them and it took the chill from the air. Many of the patients who never leave their beds were down for the great occasion, and it was doubtless for some of them their last Christmas on earth.

It was the same "*Silent Night, Holy Night*", as it is in America, and the world over.

Sure of a Welcome—

From the chapel I went to a little room on the second floor, where another soul was taking off to spend Christmas at Home. This time it was a young man of about twenty-six, wasted away with the same disease, which is a real scourge over here.

Baptized just two days before, he too was going to be in time for the heavenly festivities. But he had refused Baptism on one occasion when he was thought to be dying, so the Lord wouldn't let him in for the opening choruses.

He, too, knew he was going right in, and left us in perfect peace.

The SHIMPU Has the Place of Honor—

At six I returned to the chapel to bring Holy Communion to the patients, from room to room. The other two Masses were at seven and seven-thirty.

In the morning, fulfilling promises made, I went the rounds, reading my Christmas sermon to those so ill that it had not been possible to allow them to attend Mass. By noon I knew the sermon so well that I thought I would certainly be reciting it in my sleep for the next week or so.

After dinner a Christmas Play was put on for the patients, which lasted for hours and hours. And

of course the *Shimpū* (which is I) had to have the place of honor way down front, so that it was impossible to steal away for a little nap, without everyone noticing the exit. But I enjoyed it and the Japanese children are really clever at singing and dancing, although we Westerners find it difficult to understand their music. To us it seems very melancholy.

Going Home For Christmas—

The final curtain and darkness came down together, and I made



ENTRANCE TO OUR LADY QUEEN OF MARTYRS, MARYKNOLL'S JAPANESE MISSION IN SEATTLE, DECORATED FOR THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CATHOLIC CHARITIES

my way to my little house at the foot of the hill. I won't tell you how early I laid my head on the pillow that night, thinking about this Christmas that was now over

A Christmas seal on your envelope will carry the name of Maryknoll to your friends, and may find for Maryknoll an extra helper.

—the beautiful death in the house over across the rice fields, where the room was filled with angels and the Blessed Virgin was waiting—Midnight Mass and the Birth of our Savior, then another death scene.

A death, a Birth, and then another death. But the Peace and Blessedness of Bethlehem and Christmas had been ever present, and, after all, death on earth is really being born into Heaven.

NOTED IN PASSING

AT the twenty-second annual meeting of the *National Conference of Catholic Charities*, held in Seattle, Washington, last August, the Most Reverend Gerald Shaughnessy, S.M., Bishop of Seattle, and the committee greatly honored the Maryknoll Japanese Parish in that city and its Parents' Association. They were permitted to serve as hosts to the St. Vincent de Paul Society National Delegation.

That the delegates appreciated the part of Maryknoll Japanese Vincentians in the meeting was expressed in the words of a visitor from Cincinnati: "The Japanese of the Maryknoll Seattle Mission have given me the greatest inspiration I have had in ten years."

The scene changes and the figures at the Knoll of early days pass. One who remains, strong always in his devotion, is Monsignor Cashin, of St. Andrew's, in New York City. On the death of Father General, Monsignor Cashin was appointed by His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, as ecclesiastical adviser of the Maryknoll Sisters.

Maryknoll now has a good Chinese friend in Nanking. He is His Excellency, Bishop Paul Yu Pin, born in the far north of Manchukuo, chosen by the Holy See to be the episcopal ruler of the capital city of China. In Rome, and later in China, Maryknollers have known and admired him. They are with him heart and soul as he takes up his new work.

"Since It Must Be So"

By S. M. I.



HARUYE AND MARIKO WITH YAYOI, OF THE BLUE-BLACK HAIR, SOFT DARK EYES AND SMALL IVORY-COLORED HANDS, WHO HAD GIVEN HER HEART AWAY

THE Kimuras of Los Angeles were going to Japan. The time had come for them to experience the happiness of a return visit, a treat which nearly all the Coast City Japanese reserve for themselves. It seemed to Mrs. Kimura as she prepared the dinner that all the shining saucepans knew her secret and blinked at her joyfully. Even the baby, usually so restless while he waited for the children to return from school, sat quietly in a corner gazing at his new red shoes after the manner of a small Buddha.

The kitchen was tiny. Its fur-

nishings presented a rather heterogeneous aspect to Western eyes, but then it is hard to know where to place ponderous pieces of American furniture when one has been used to the tidy emptiness of Japanese houses. Yet everything was very clean, and the sun made jolly little beams of light dance through the glistening windowpane on to the wall beyond.

Mrs. Kimura's Blessings—

"Only one more month!" thought Mrs. Kimura and as she washed the rice she sang a gay little melody of old Japan. An ecstatic gurgle from the baby interrupted her happy thoughts. Turning her head, she saw him standing on his little toes, gazing out of the window.

"What makes you laugh, Hiroshi?"

asked the mother as she washed the rice for the third time. One-year-old Hiroshi was too preoccupied to reply. His bright, black eyes beheld a sight which called for no disturbance, and he only pressed his snub nose more closely against the pane. Out in the street, just beyond the garden with its single palm tree, stood a double file of about seventy little Japanese boys and girls. Two Maryknoll Sisters were marshalling the active group as it proceeded onward.

What pleased Hiroshi was that Yoshio, his six-year-old brother, led the line, and as Yoshio passed the house he waved his hand to the delighted baby at the window. The mother left her work for a few minutes to watch her other son and wave her hand in greeting to his companions.

Mrs. Kimura returned to her bubbling pots and pans. As she dished up the food she thought again of the many things for which she could be thankful. Not every woman possessed such a kind husband, as well as six lovely children. Mori, the beloved first-born, was a good boy and working hard to put himself through college. Yayoi, the eldest girl, would finish High School within two weeks. The hint of a shadow passed over Mrs. Kimura's face as she thought of her daughter, for Yayoi of the blue-black hair, soft dark eyes and small ivory-colored hands had given her heart away and did not relish the thought of parting with Teruo, who was her brother's chum. Two other girls, Haruye and Mariko came next, then Yoshio and the baby.

Yayoi Wonders—

That evening when the family were grouped around the supper table they chatted happily of the proposed journey. Haruye, Mariko and Yoshio pretended great indifference to the conversation, as their parents had arranged to leave them at the Sisters' Home until they should return. Thus the children would not lose any of their class work. The baby of course would go to Japan, for he was too young to be left behind.

Later that night, when the children had gone to bed and Mrs. Kimura's swift fingers were fashioning a dress for little Haruye, Yayoi, who had been reading, put her book aside and looked thoughtfully at her mother. "Why is it," she asked, "that I cannot have complete happiness in the thought of going to Japan? I have looked forward to this event for so long, and if it were not for the thought of leaving Teruo, my joy would be unbounded."

"No joy is ever long unmixed with sorrow," replied her mother. "There is an old Japanese proverb which says that even the cherry blossoms gladden the eye for only a little while. A puff of wind can break and scatter the blossoms and then there is regret for loveliness that has gone."

Yayoi gave a little sigh. "Why must life be like that?" she asked. "It seems so hard."

Mrs. Kimura smiled as she threaded her needle. "It seems hard for one of eighteen summers", she replied, "but ex-

perience teaches the value of sorrow and of pain. You should not be sad. There is always hope, and if God wills it you and Teruo will be together again. I, too, have my sorrows. If I could return to Japan with my husband a Catholic, my happiness would be unequalled. There could never be a better man than your father, but he cannot understand the doctrines of Christianity. It does no good to talk to him about it, therefore I can only wait and pray."

muras were imprisoned in the midst of a friendly circle. Mori, satisfied that the stateroom was comfortable and that all luggage was safely stowed, stood quietly beside his parents, trying not to let them see how much he minded being left behind.

The signal, warning all who were not passengers to go ashore, blew with such a tremendous blast that small Hiroshi screamed in terror. Mrs. Kimura quieted the baby and anxiously scanned the crowd for Yayoi. The flower-laden girl had just come up the gangplank accompanied by Teruo, who could not hide his sadness at parting.

On every deck, groups of families, relatives and friends were parting from one another. Contrary to some opinions, the Japanese are not an unfeeling stoic people. Here there were no effusive demonstrations of affection, but fervent hand clasps, tear-filled eyes and voices husky with controlled emotion gave evidence of a deep intensity of feeling. Looking at Mori and the younger children, Mrs. Kimura bravely smiled as she whispered, "Sayonara." Soon from prow to stern the assembled people echoed the soft farewell word of the Japanese. —

"Sayonara"—

The last whistle blew, and paper streamers hurled by the passengers on deck to friends below formed countless, tangled rainbows of color.

Haruye and Mariko standing beside the Sisters on the dock made heroic efforts to keep from crying, but Yoshio wept unrestrainedly. The Mission Father remained to watch the departing boat. Apparently he waved his hat, but in reality he was making the Sign of the Cross over the Kimuras and their fellow voyagers. Mori and Teruo ran to the edge of the pier and waited for the ship to turn in the harbor. They could see Mr. Kimura holding the baby in one arm, while he vigorously waved with the other. Mori could still discern his mother, fluttering her tiny handkerchief.

Teruo watched the speck of blue that was Yayoi until it seemed to vanish into the azure overhead, and as he stood, straining for a last glimpse of the East-bound vessel, the sparkling waves seemed to carry back to him her softly spoken, "Sayonara."



"Sayonara"

The Japanese bid not "good-bye",
But "Sayonara" say;
Which gives a person's reason why
He tears himself away.

It means a higher power than mine
Has ordered it. The will divine
Must be accomplished. Means in fine,
There is no other way.

The Japanese say not "Farewell",
But "Since it must be so";
Which answers equally as well,
When it is time to go.

We dwellers on this mundane ball,
Must sometime hear the call,
And "Since it must be", give up all
We cherish here below.

—Ernest A. Sturge.



At Parting—

Long anticipated events have a way of coming quickly in the end, and one sunny August day the Kimuras bade a temporary farewell to their American home.

At the pier the *Nippon Maru* flying countless pennants lay in waiting for its passengers. As they went out on the pier the Kimuras were greeted by another delegation of Japanese friends, who followed them up the gangplank on to the deck. In a few minutes Haruye, Mariko, and Yoshio, accompanied by two Sisters, made their way through the rapidly increasing throng. The Mission Father was not far behind them, and for a short while the Ki-

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



CHIRSTMAS symbolizes our ultimate hope and its fulfillment—godliness in human life. What wonder if, at the yearly recurrence of the Feast, we forget for a day our cares, our diffident regrets, our fears; and rejoice as if, indeed, we ourselves had discovered with glad surprise in a simple crib, the Life and Light and Love of the world met in a little Child.

Through Him, we feel this day the detachment of unselfish love, the holiness of sacrifice, the intensity of innocence.

May Christmas be to each of you a Feast of joy and an occasion of grace that will fill your hearts with the loveliness that long ago came down one night at Bethlehem.

**The Christ-child lay in Mary's
lap,
His hair was like a light.
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)**

—G. K. Chesterton

The Snow Vestal

OUT of Jacob has risen the Light in my breast,
A burning Star on the snow-storm's crest;
Melting the crystals, hard frozen tears
Of sorrowing souls through eons of years.
I am Vestal of snow, of crystals, of Light—
I am Queen of the Cross-shadowed,
Lamp of the moon-palid, Flame of the soul's dark night.

—Marie Fischer

* * *

The inspired beauty and loveliness of *Our Lady of the Snows*, gracing our front cover, extended inspiration to the little poem printed above. The artist who conceived this exquisite portrayal of the Snow Virgin is a Maryknoll Sister—the same who gave us *Our Lady of the Night* for THE FIELD AFAR cover last December. Mary is the Snow Vestal who, as a lamp, gives forth divine radiance; holding the Star, the Light of the world Who in His rising dispels all darkness and melts all sorrow in the shadow of His Cross. On Christmas morning the Star will reach His zenith, sending down to the waiting nations rays of the joy He comes to bring.

ADIVINE paradox is the affinity between mercy and innocence. Only he who is without sin never casts a stone, first, last, or any other time. From the Scribes and Pharisees, loaded with sins of their own, the sinner might have expected mercy, for a fellow feeling should have made them wondrous kind. But she received it only from the innocent Lamb of God Who knew no sin. It is true that misery loves company. But innocence loves misery, and that is more to the point.

This is also the reason why we know Mary Immaculate as the Mother of Mercy. Hating sin the more, she can pity its victim the more. Removed from it the farther, she can understand it the better.

A mission doctor was asked why he lavished such pains on a man hopelessly dying of some appalling disease, when other patients with a chance of life also claimed his time. "Well, you see," he explained, "I know what is the matter with him."

Of all God's saints it is His Immaculate Mother who can most truly appreciate what is the matter with us. That is why she is the Mother of Mercy.

**The Christ-child lay on Mary's
breast,
His hair was like a star.
(O stern and cunning are the
Kings,
But here the true hearts are.)**

—G. K. Chesterton

AT the southern end of the arc formed by China's coastline lies a tiny island, Sancian. St. Francis Xavier died there. It forms one of the line of historic spots, stretching from the west coast of Africa out to Japan, which are linked with this greatest of modern missionaries.

Pilgrims to the Eucharistic Congress at Manila are to make the side trip from Hong Kong to Sancian, will land at the diminutive quay below the shrine church on the hillside, will warm to the imitable chaplain of Sancian, Father "Sandy" Cairns. Father "Sandy" will lead them to the spot where Xavier breathed his last and they will thrill at the rehearsal of this final chapter in the great saint's life.

Maryknoll regards the custody of Sancian as a sacred commission. This winter a small convent will be erected on the Island and a group of Maryknoll Sisters will take up work there.

**The Christ-child lay on Mary's
heart,
His hair was like a fire.
(O weary, weary is the world
But here the world's desire.)**

—G. K. Chesterton

A GROUP of Maryknoll priests crossed the ocean recently on a boat which likewise bore a group of Mohammedans. The Maryknollers said their Masses in the salon each morning, read their breviaries on deck during the day.

One of the Mohammedans approached them. "You do well; you worship God publicly every day. Ours are the only two religions, Mohammedanism and Catholicism. We know what we believe and we believe it fearlessly."

A priest in New York informed a non-Catholic woman that she did wrongly in bringing a Catholic to a Protestant prayer meeting. "Miserable bigot," fumed the lady and walked away. "Well done, Father," remarked her husband standing by. "You Catholics are the only ones who know what you believe and insist on believing it."

Driving faith, not uncertainty. It wins honor at home; it will build new Christian nations in the world of the missions.

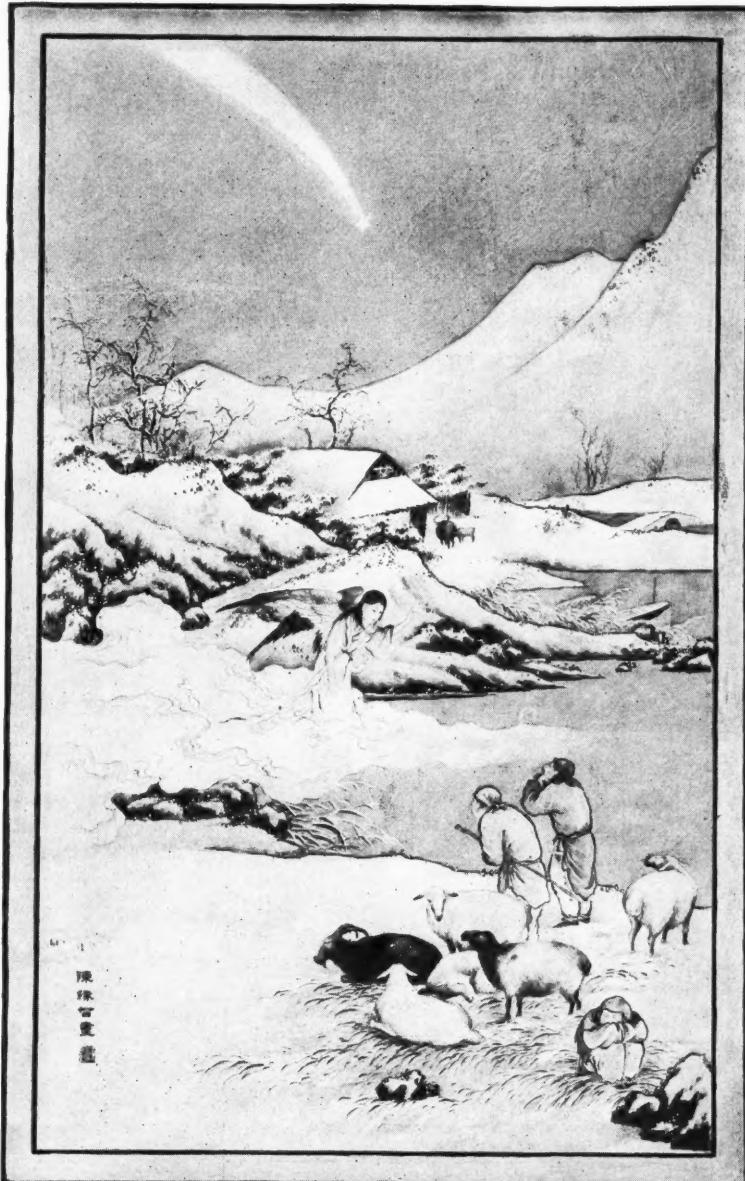
For all mission effort is built on the faith at home. The conversion of mankind would never proceed if there were no impelling faith. Men and women will not go to the ends of the earth and spend their lives in sacrifice merely on the head of an indifferent interest or a mild curiosity.

**The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up
at him
And all the stars looked down.**

—G. K. Chesterton

A BLESSED Christmas to you!
And may the Christ Child give you as His choicest gift a truly missionary love of souls.

It is taken for granted that the missioner will be the strongest of lovers, the most generous of givers, the most cheerful of livers. He is not only the carrier of the Gospel, but in men's eyes he is the epitome of voluntary consecra-



Painting by Luke Ch'en

"Good Tidings of Great Joy"

tion to the ideals of Jesus Christ.

No color of race, no national line, no accent of the tongue, so the world believes, is a barrier to the missioner's hunger for souls. He is Christ's living exemplar of

universal love.

And hence our Christmas wish to you—may God give you in still greater degree than you now possess a missionary heart!

HAVE SEEN A GREAT LIGHT. — ISAIAH IX, 2.

The Christ Child Is Welcome



FATHER ROBERT P. KENNELLY, OF NORWALK, CONN., TRYING TO PERSUADE MARY WONG, A LITTLE ORPHAN AT LOTING, SOUTH CHINA, TO SMILE FOR A SNAP. MARY'S DOLL, A SACRIFICE FOR THE CHRIST CHILD FROM A LITTLE GIRL IN THE STATES, IS HER GREATEST TREASURE

CHISTMAS, the first in China, and pastor for the day, such were the gifts bestowed last year by the Christ Child on Maryknoll's Father John F. Lima, of New Bedford,

Mass., then a student at the Society's Stanley Language School in Hong Kong. The story is best told by Father Lima himself:

I awoke this morning at Loting, in the Maryknoll Kongmoon Vicariate, to find myself pastor for a day, and this on my first Christmas in China. You can imagine my joy!

For the Great Feast I had come on from Stanley. Father Kennelly was at the mission station of Loking, some twenty-seven miles away, and Father Lavin had left on a very early bus for the Lintan station, equally distant from here.

On Christmas Eve the whole Loting compound had been nothing but activity, with Father Lavin directing the decorating work of the orphans and the Chinese Christians. He also heard the Confessions before the Midnight Mass.

The Maryknoll Sisters and the orphans sang very beautifully during the Mass. Many of the Christians received the Newborn Savior into their hearts. It is an inspiration to see the men here in China approach the altar rail with hands reverently joined. They perpetu-

ate all the fervor of their First Communion Day.

After Midnight Mass Father Lavin took me to see the Christians. They gave me a gracious reception. With my three months of Chinese language I was able to make out some of the things they said to me, but not when they spoke fast.

Again this morning, after the Holy Sacrifice, I ventured to go and talk with them. Many of them came long distances for the Feast, and will remain here till the evening. I will go to see them this afternoon, when they have their meal before starting on the homeward trek.

During this visit to Loting I have seen many traits in these people which have endeared the Chinese to me.

If everybody was as happy as I this Christmas, then I am sure the world itself was much more happy.

Announcing the Tidings at Kaying

A NATIVITY PLAY put on by parish school children in Bishop Ford's Maryknoll South China Kaying Vicariate recalled to Father Francis Donnelly, of Lansdowne, Pa., a remark made some years ago by Bishop James Anthony Walsh. Our late beloved first Superior General was attending a show staged by seminarians at the Home Knoll. With characteristic humor, he said: "There is a lot of unsuspected talent lying around. It should be swept up." Father Donnelly enjoyed the Kaying brand of unsuspected talent so much that he thought admission should have been charged. He wrote:

Scenery and other properties were left largely to the imagination. Travel from one place to another was indicated by the actors pacing up and down the stage, or around in circles.

The first scene portrayed the journey to Bethlehem. A small boy and a smaller girl paced around furiously while the boy told what they were doing. In the next scene, the two knelt, with backs to the audience, in front of a shack. There was an angel behind them dressed as follows: wire and tissue paper wings, a surplice, and beneath the surplice a pair of long trousers. They remained still

Welcomed In Fields Afar

while a Christmas hymn was sung off stage in several parts (all more or less accidental). When the hymn was finished a trio of shepherds appeared; their pastoral office being indicated by bare feet, rolled trousers and staves. The angel took one look at the shepherds, hopped down off the high stool on which he had been standing, ran over to them and announced the tidings.

Christmas Joys at Tanchuk

FATHER John M. McLoughlin, of Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y., made what he called a *strange but enjoyable journey* from Hong Kong, where he had been studying at the Language School, to Tanchuk in the Wuchow Mission, a few days before Christmas last year. It was his first trip into the interior and he escorted *friend turkey* to grace the festive board and help the missionaries celebrate in true Christmas style. Father McLoughlin got a *thrill* out of his experience and found too that he still had much to learn about that strange Chinese language. Following is his account of Christmas at Maryknoll's Native Seminary in Tanchuk:

Mass was to be celebrated in the village chapel, so we all—priests, seminarians and lay folk—filed through the *moon gate* of the seminary and directed our footsteps there shortly before midnight. Save for the murmur of our voices and the howl of a dog in the distance, the countryside was quiet and still. The stars glittered overhead, below, a few sampans lights outlined the West River. Most of the inhabitants of the village were asleep. Too bad they weren't out to join us and share our coming joy. Perhaps they will, someday.

We eventually arrived at the mission compound and caught a glimpse of the Christians as they moved into the chapel. For the most part they were farmers, some of whom had sacrificed several work days to walk in from miles around and attend the Feast. Some had come to experience their first Christmas. We wondered what their thoughts were as they crowded into the cold little chapel.

As Mass began, a silent congregation knelt under the dim glare of a few



TABLEAU FROM A CHRISTMAS PLAY PRODUCED BY MEMBERS OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CLUB AT FUSHUN, MANCHUKUO. SEVERAL OF THE CAST ARE STILL UNBAPTIZED PAGANS

kerosene lamps, and prepared their hearts for the coming of their Christmas Guest. There was no blast of organ music and we could not even boast of a crib. There were just a few sim-

ple, humble furnishings plus a devout audience. Yet, despite the lack of decorations, there was something about the whole scene that reminded us of that first Christmas, when the *Word was*



FATHER JOHN R. O'DONNELL, OF NEW YORK CITY, BAPTIZING A GIRL, ONE OF A GROUP OF SEVEN, WHO RECEIVED THE SACRAMENT ON THE EVE OF THE FEAST AT FUSHUN, MANCHUKUO

THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1936



A MARYKNOLL SISTER WITH TWO NATIVE POSTULANTS
ON A PALI, A KOREAN ICE SLED

made flesh and dwelt among us.

The seminarians, under the direction of Father Schultz, sang the Mass excellently. At the gospel, Father Gilligan preached to the attentive audience, about the coming of the Christ Child. I listened with admiration and holy envy and admitted to myself how precious little I knew about Chinese. After Mass the entire *congregation* retired to the courtyard where they expressed their joy by shooting off numerous fire-crackers.

The following day, several of the other priests came in from their missions and we celebrated the twenty-sixth in true Maryknoll Christmas style.

A New Tabernacle Crib in South China

A NEW mission was opened at Laipo, in Monsignor Bernard F. Meyer's Wuchow Prefecture, on December 24, 1935. In November, Father Joseph W. Regan, of Fairhaven, Mass., rented two shops to serve as chapel, house,

CHRISTMAS Gift Books! Can you think of any better or more reasonably priced than those from Maryknoll? Read our list on the back cover.

RISE, HAPPY MORN; RISE, HOLY MORN;

etc. His cook arrived a few days before Christmas and had everything in readiness for him on the twenty-fourth.

I arrived at noon and sent word around to the few Catholics in town that the first Christmas Mass ever celebrated in Laipo would take place the next morning. There were four Catholic families in town, three of which had come down from Hunan, and the fourth, a family of old Catholics from Siu Yin where the French Missionaries have a flourishing mission. Thus it happened that twelve Catholics, all of whom went to Confession and Holy Communion, attended the first Mass at Laipo.

The new mission must have had the Christ Child's special blessing for, after three months, Father Regan had to knock out the partition on the side of the chapel, in order to give all the members of his congregation a chance to hear Mass.

Something New in Christmas Traditions

AN oversight on the part of the Christmas decorators at Maryknoll's Church for Japanese in Dairen, Manchukuo, began last year what promises to be a beautiful tradition. Father John C. Murrett, of Buffalo, N. Y., pastor of the Church, relates the incident:

We had a fine Christmas with one hundred per cent attendance at Masses and the Sacraments. We always preface Midnight Mass with a procession to the Crib—the Church in darkness except for the candles on the altar and those carried in the procession. This year the decorators forgot to put the Infant in the Crib, and I did not discover it until I was ready to leave the sacristy. I didn't want to carry the statue under my chasuble, and with all eyes waiting for the procession I didn't like to send an acolyte out to the Crib with the forgotten Babe, so I spread out a corporal and carried it down the aisle in my hands. As I passed through the crowded aisles all the people bowed reverently toward the Infant. Just then the Young Men's Choir was singing *O Come, O Come, Emmanuel*, and it all seemed very significant. Afterwards, the people remarked what a beautiful custom

that was for the priest to bring the Infant to the Crib for them, just like he does at Mass. So I suppose it will become a tradition.

On Christmas eve we were again invited to broadcast Christmas music. I asked the choir, beforehand, to make each hymn a prayer that the Divine Babe might become known to the vast number of listeners who, as yet, do not know the grace of His smile. The result was undoubtedly a fervent prayer, for the singing was exceptionally sweet.

With Santa in Japan

MARYKNOLLERS in Japan find that the people know little or nothing of the true meaning of Christmas, but commercial advertising has brought them the customs of giving presents, playing *Santa*, and decorating trees. Father Clarence J. Witte, of Centerville, Ind., tells how they tried last year to win the youngsters, through *Santa*, in hopes of later teaching them of Christ and the Mass of Christmas:

My first Christmas on the missions was a most happy one. The little chapel in Otsu was the center of interest and activity from early Christmas eve until well past midnight.

Our conversions are still a matter of the future; the Baptisms were of *natural increase* Christians, children of Catholic parents. Through the thoughtful kindness of our pastor, Father Briggs, I was given the privilege of baptizing one of the children. It was the first time I had administered the Sacrament.

Then we had something new for the few Christians of Otsu, a solemn Midnight Mass. I am sure that this meant much to the little flock here.

After the Mass we had a real *honest-to-goodness Santa* for the kiddies. Father Felsicker played the role well and made a big hit with the children. There were little presents and candy for all. Most of these people are quite poor and something of this kind is an event in their lives. It was a long night for us, but true Christmas joy well repaid for lost sleep.

On Christmas day we had a splendid gathering. All the Maryknollers in Ja-

pan with the single exception of Father Mackesy were here for dinner. Father Cleary also was here from Korea. He arrived rather late on Christmas eve for a little rest on the shores of beautiful Lake Biwa. Such gatherings are always a pleasure, and this one around the festive board was no exception. We had quite a Maryknoll Christmas and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

In the afternoon, Father Felsicker again played the part of old man *Santa*, this time here at the house for the neighborhood kiddies—all pagans. They numbered about fifty. What a time! I'm sure that we enjoyed it quite as much as they did. Each one got a little toy of some kind and a bag of candy and cookies.

These pagans know little or nothing of the true meaning of Christmas. Pray that the year which is about to begin may bring these lovable people nearer

to Christ and the Mass before next Christmas.

The Christmas Spirit at Gishu

THE account of Christmas at Gishu in Korea comes from Father James V. Pardy, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Its brevity is almost breathless and seems to indicate a world of work with no time to recount its joys. However, we cannot miss the real Christlike note of generosity which the Korean Christians seem to have grasped so well.

We had a very happy Christmas with nine Baptisms. The High Mass at midnight was well attended despite the zero weather. On Christmas day, the Christians came bearing many gifts. The poor souls haven't got much, but the little they have they share generously.



A JAPANESE GIRL VISITING WITH THE CHRIST CHILD AT MARYKNOLL'S JAPANESE MISSION IN FUSHUN, MANCHUKUO

"All Things To All Men"

By one who labored with Father Jones in South China, Rev. Joseph P. Ryan, M.M., of Worcester, Mass.



FATHER LEO J. JONES, M.M., OF DOWAGIAC, MICH., WHO DIED IN SOUTH CHINA ON SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

ON the morning of September sixteenth a cable from China announced to Maryknoll the death of Father Leo J. Jones, of the Wuchow Mission. Only four months previously, Father Jones had returned to his field after spending his furlough with his parents at Dowagiac, Michigan.

Father Jones entered the Maryknoll Seminary in 1921 after attending Notre Dame University and Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati. He was ordained to the priesthood by the late Bishop Dunn of New York on September 20, 1924, and after a term as professor at the Maryknoll College at Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania, was assigned to the mission field of

South China in September, 1927.

Most of his time in South China was spent in the ancient walled city of Watlam. Although the city when he arrived contained a combination mission house and chapel his work there was that of a pioneer. Thirty-five years before, a French priest had commenced activities here, but due to paucity of workers and more promising harvests elsewhere Watlam was temporarily abandoned.

On his arrival, Father Jones found the mission badly in need of repair. No Christians were at hand to welcome

**IN Thanksgiving for your
Faith, say a prayer for the
souls of pagans.**

him, for the few who still lived had suffered from long neglect, but the cold reception did not in the least cool his enthusiasm. He realized that he must begin from the beginning, particularly by living a life which would convince them that he had at heart their interest and their welfare.

Soon, his neighbors, prompted principally by curiosity, dared to enter the mission gate. They were made to feel welcome and found that the foreigner had time to talk with them. He was concerned about their business, their family problems, their trials and troubles. Gradually, he was able to interest them in his message. They came to the chapel for prayers and for Mass. They saw, they heard and they believed.

Once a small group was formed in the city, Father Jones gave thought to the rest of his *parish* and began a routine of walks and bicycle rides into the country with his catechist. Families were found who years before had been interested in the Church. Teachers were sent to them and the dull embers glowed again.

Father Jones followed closely in the footsteps of Paul; he became *all things to all men to save all for Christ*. He never failed a visitor. Some came only from curiosity, some for treatment in the little dispensary. Students called to practice their newly acquired English. Business men dropped in to exchange ideas. Babes toddled into the yard because he played with them and talked to them.

All found him waiting, so it appeared, for them alone. No present task was so important that it could not be set aside. *All things to all men*, but seeing in all only one thing in which he was really interested—their souls.

Six years of this constant dedication to his fellow men gave Father Jones an insight into that which is most unfathomable to the Occidental—the Chinese mind. He knew them as few foreigners can know them and he won them for Christ because they too knew him as he knew them.

A little company of six hundred souls remains behind in Watlam today to pray for its spiritual founder. Father Jones has returned to his Master with hands full.

O FATHER, TOUCH THE EAST, AND LIGHT

"Safe Home"

MOURNED by both Church and State, one of New York's outstanding priests passed away recently, Father Joseph C. Fleming, of White Plains, N. Y.

Maryknoll mourns him in a special way for he was an ardent admirer of her apostolic sons. At the Departure Ceremony of 1930, when a band of some twenty priests left for the missions, Father Fleming gave a stirring address of farewell which is still remembered. We quote a portion of it:

It was to suit His divine purpose that Christ made His Church essentially a missionary organization, peculiarly fashioned for the work of propaganda, the propaganda of life eternal. By her very constitution, then, the Church is Christ's authentic witness, all-seeing, all-knowing, unerring and undying, twenty centuries young in the agelessness of God, her Founder.

"We have the mind of Christ (I Cor. II, 16) she shouts around the world with full assurance. Her enemies esteem as arrogance the boldness of her faith. They resent the courageous insistence with which she claims to be the last word in religion, but, of course, she is the last word in religion because she has the exclusive voicing of the Word made flesh, the very last word that heaven will ever speak for the world's redemption. It is this divine consciousness that has kept her restless throughout the ages. She must have wandering feet and her tongue must be forever loosened to announce the tidings brought to Mary.

These youthful Xaviers, fired with apostolic ardor, *en route* to heathen lands, have strained their eyes for years to glimpse the frontiers of Christ's freedom and their priestly hearts now yearn to widen these horizons. To see the Sun of Justice rise in pagan darkness, leaping from altar stone to altar stone in golden splendor, flooding benighted hearts and souls with light and love and understanding. This is their sole ambition and they are giving us the inestimable privilege of sharing vicariously in their labors.

Beloved brothers in Christ, farewell, and *bon voyage* in the Sacred Heart of

**MAY the Infant Savior of the
World express to you on
Christmas Day the gratitude of
all Maryknollers !**

Jesus. Calm seas, clear skies, a long day to labor and then, when the sheaves are bound, safe home!

"Safe home"—our earnest wish for the soul of this valiant leader of his flock, type of the finest among America's great army of pastors who though burdened by parish cares, lift their eyes to the wide horizons of the world.

BOOKLETS RECEIVED**The Franciscan Missionary
Herald—**

The bi-annual Review of the Franciscan Missionaries of St. Joseph, Patricroft, Manchester, England. Yearly subscription two shillings and sixpence.

Catholic Action Handbook—

By Joseph Will, S.J., Professor at the University of Innsbruck, Austria, and Kilian J. Hennrich, O.M. Cap., A.M., Director General, Catholic Boy's Brigade U.S., and Director of the Third Order. Published by Joseph F. Wag-

ner, Inc., 53 Park Place, New York City. Price fifty cents.

The Breviary and the Laity—

Translated from the French of Rev. Adolphe Hoornaert. Published by The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. Price 35¢.

Liturgy and Life—

By Dom Rembert Bularzik, O.S.B. Published by The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. Price 8¢.

Youth—

By Very Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P. Published by the Catholic Truth Society, 38/40 Eccleston Square, London S.W.I., England. Price twopence.

God's Traffic Lights—

Three pamphlets by Father Apollinaris, O.M. Cap. The subjects of the pamphlets are: "*The Rights of God*", "*The Rights of Life*" and "*The Rights of Neighbor*". Published by the Mission Almanac, 110 Shonnard Place, Yonkers, N. Y.

Parenthood—**Childhood Religion—**

By Rev. Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B., Ph.D., Director, the Family Life Section, N.C.W.C. Published by the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. Price 10¢.



THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN ON DECEMBER 8, 1934, AT THE MOTHERHOUSE OF THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS. IT RECORDS A PRECIOUS MEMORY OF THE PONTIFICAL MASS CELEBRATED IN THEIR CHAPEL BY MARYKNOLL'S DEPARTED CO-FOUNDER, BISHOP JAMES ANTHONY WALSH, M.M.

THE LIGHT THAT SHONE WHEN HOPE WAS BORN. — ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1936

"The Showboat"

By Rev. Mark A. Tennien, of Pittsford, Vt., Maryknoll Missioner in Wuchow, South China



ON EACH SIDE OF THE AISLE, IN THE CENTER OF THE BOAT, ARE UPPER AND LOWER BERTHS, FOR CHINESE RECLINE WHEN TRAVELING

ABOUT halfway to Wuchow the steamers from Hong Kong throw out anchor at Three Rivers. Boat people row out in their little sampans and cluster like barnacles around the steamer. The lazy current flowing between these boats sends ripples flapping at their sides, while the people sell their

wares. With a little basket on a long pole they hoist up their fruit and whatnot to sell to the passengers.

A small Diesel engine boat, commonly dubbed a "bluebottle", leaves Three Rivers for Shiu Hing soon after the steamer arrives. If you do not wish to wait

the eight hours for passengers from the Canton train to arrive, you can take the "bluebottle" on to Shiu Hing. The steamer picks you up again in the evening. I boarded the "bluebottle" to visit Shiu Hing.

The Patent Medicine Man—

In the center of the boat is an aisle. On each side, perpendicular to the aisle, are upper and lower berths, for Chinese recline when traveling. They are not Pullman berths, but merely spaces two feet wide and partitioned by upright boards. A boy brings a pot of tea, and melon seeds for each passenger to chew on, to while away the time.

When the engines start chugging, the vibration makes it impossible to continue reading the breviary. So I sat with crossed legs to watch the show.

A patent medicine man had the floor. With vociferous oratory he proved the efficacy of his remedies. At times the speech took on a pleasing rhythm, and his quotations from the classics were always in a kind of sing-song melody. He solemnly averred that he had cures for every known disease. Just name the ailment, and for twenty cents he would give you the cure. The day was hot, so he peeled off his jacket and went on with his oratory. After promises, acrobatic gestures, and a few songs for entertainment, he sold two packages.

Scant Response—

The next man to take the aisle was a fortune teller. He spoke his piece, but nobody responded. So he chose the fellow next to me for a demonstration. From the wrinkles in his face and palms he read the man's fortune, then elaborated on it by lifting the patron's eyelashes. When finished he asked at least a tip for unraveling the man's fortune, but nary a cent did he get.

I cracked open melon seeds with my teeth while the next actor took the stage. (I used to chew peanuts at the circus too.) Our entertainer was selling little bottles of imported oil. He claimed its magic power would cure anything. Let me transliterate a few of his words:

"Headache, then rub little oil, immediately gone, backache, place little oil, that pain annihilated. Internal pain, in-



ABOUT HALFWAY TO WUCHOW THE STEAMERS FROM HONG KONG THROW OUT ANCHOR AT THREE RIVERS

HELP BRING THE STORY OF BETHLEHEM

hale oil fumes, right away cured. No matter what pain, also can cure."

He placed a little of what seemed like mentholated olive oil on the passengers' fingers as a sample, then harangued us some more. The sweat rolled down, so he slipped off his shirt. With a fan in his left hand and togged only in short trunks, he jumped around performing the grotesque Chinese shadow boxing. After all this, he sold only one bottle.

Dr. Pullem and a Blind Man—

Next in our show came the traveling

**GIVE what you have received,
and what you had will be
increased. So, pass on your
Faith to others.**

thrust with the rusty forceps, and a couple of side twists, he snapped the tooth out. The patient shouted "ay-ah" a number of times, as the Doctor didn't use any nerve deadener.

Last of all came an old blind man, to sing and play for us. He had a Chinese long-stringed fiddle, which is played like

showman to receive a contribution from me.

Missioner Showmen—

But my heart went out to all those other disappointed fellows. I felt like shaking their hands and telling them I know just how it felt to get no response.

Not long ago I was back in America, talking both to groups and individuals on financial assistance to the missions. More than one frankly told me that he was not interested. Many a night I returned sorrowful and hurt to sleep off



BOAT PEOPLE ROW OUT AND CLUSTER LIKE BARNACLES AROUND THE STEAMER

dentist, let's call him Dr. Pullem. Hanging on his chest were long strings of teeth that he had pulled. He didn't talk much—just said he was there to take out aching teeth. A passenger near me called him over. Dr. Pullem ran his finger in the man's mouth around the tooth. It had to come out he declared, so they went to an open space forward in the boat. Of course I didn't miss the side show, and followed to watch the Doc. After a downward

a cello. With his bow he made music sadder and sweeter than a Hawaiian guitar, singing the, "ya, a-a-a, a-a-a, a", in soft accompaniment. He was the only

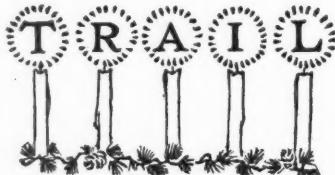
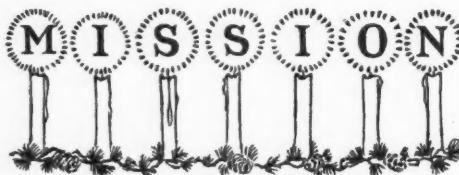
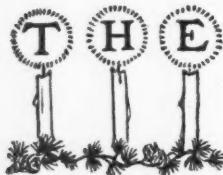
LIFE Subscription to *The Field Afar*, which includes Perpetual Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, can be secured for Fifty Dollars.

a short answer or an unkind rebuff. The human heartstrings are the same everywhere, and are fingered the same by joy or grief in you or me. But I wonder if the disappointment of these boat orators could be as bitter as that of the missioner when people are not interested in helping us save souls.

While the boat goes daily chugging along, missioner-showmen will be waiting like the blind fiddler, who plays and wonders if somebody's heart will open

THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1936



Kongmoon (South China)—

HERE are the orphans, the mis-sioners bereft of their father that the Maryknoll Society might have a new father and leader. Eventually, the Holy See will name a successor to Bishop James Edward Walsh as Vicar Apostolic of Kongmoon. In the meantime, Father Adolph Paschang, of Martinsburg, Missouri, holds the reins and guides the Kongmoon Knollers in their apostolic endeavors.

Loting, Kongmoon's best center of conversions this year, gives us a good example of the wisdom of patient, tireless, plodding. For eight years, Father Robert Kennelly of Norwalk, Conn., worked unremittingly, without great visible results. His tenderly nurtured plant then flowered and this year gave him a group of ninety adult Baptisms. Particularly consoling is the promise of still finer harvests in the next few years, for this little body of well-instructed Christians is zealously intent on bringing others into the fold.

The stage is set at Sian for the Manila pilgrims. During January and February several groups, on the way to the Eucharistic Congress, will make the journey to the Isle where Xavier died.

To Christ Through Christmas Cards at Kaying (South China)—

TWO years ago this Christmas, the Christians trudging into Kaying from their homes, some from a distance of as much as thirty miles, received from the pastor, Father John Gallagher, a card on which they read in Chinese characters: "I promise to do my best during the coming year to bring one pagan friend to visit the Church, to study the doctrine, that he may be baptized if possible, that You, Child Jesus, may be loved the more."

They were asked to sign their names and to place these pledges in the Crib. With what result?

During the following year the parishioners of Kaying brought over 600 to

visit the Church, and of these, 200 expressed a desire to study and were baptized.

Now a second year draws to a close and a similar excellent record promises an equally abundant harvest.

And what a Christmas at Kaying last year! In anticipation of the crowds, Father Gallagher turned to the Mary-



FATHER ALONZO ESCALANTE, M.M., LEADS THE YOUNGSTERS OF CHIAOTOU, MANCHUKUO, TO THE CRIB. THE STORY OF BETHLEHEM IS NEW TO THEM AND THEY EAGERLY SHARE IT WITH THEIR PAGAN FRIENDS. WILL YOU, WHO HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN OF CHRIST'S LOVE, DO LESS?

knoll Sisters for help in providing for the women. "How many can you take care of?" he asked. "Perhaps thirty," they replied. "Better make it 130," he said quite offhandedly, and the poor Sisters gasped in dismay.

In fact, 140 slept under the roof of their Chinese house that Christmas Eve, a straw strewn floor their bed, three to each blanket. Greater feats will be ac-

complished this year for the Christians are more numerous than ever, the living quarters the same.

Of Maryknoll's Captive In Manchukuo—

AS these lines are written, winter approaches in Manchukuo. Hearts are heavy with unpleasant forebodings and all Maryknollers who are freemen there think of their captive companion and shudder at the prospect of his passing the period of terrible cold in the bandit hide-out.

Perhaps Father Clarence Burns will be liberated ere these words appear. Negotiations continue unceasingly but Far Eastern bandits are patient. It will be ten months on December fifth since Father Burns was captured and there are instances of outlaw prisoners who have been held several years.

We must trust to your prayers that the long, tedious negotiations will at last succeed.

The Church Gains "Face" In Korea—

ORIGINALLY Maryknoll missioners build diminutive structures to serve as chapels, schools and other institutions. However, Father Joseph Connors faced a special problem in Peng Yang.

Untiring hard work has built up a Catholic school there, registering 1,000 pupils and recognized by the Government but lacking a building. The boys and girls are scattered about in half a dozen makeshift shacks.

Father Connors recognized that he must take courageous steps if he were to go forward. He chose as model a photograph of a Catholic school in Springfield, Mass., and had Maryknoll's Brother William draw plans and oversee the construction. After cutting every possible corner to achieve economies, he has constructed a very presentable brick building having twelve classrooms and an auditorium to accommodate one

thousand.

All of which gives great face to the Church in Peng Yang. Riding through the city, one is impressed with the extensive properties belonging to the Protestants, who number over 30,000 there. Father Connors' school is the first worth while Catholic structure in Peng Yang.

Carpenters and masons have also been at work in Shingishu employing the gift of a Cincinnati lady for the construction of a small but well appointed little dispensary. And thus Doctor Mercy moves out from under the Church steps!

Doctor Mercy, you will recall, is a Maryknoll Sister who is a graduate of Marquette University Medical School and, a yet greater achievement, holds a Japanese Government certificate to practice medicine in the Empire, a document granted only to those few foreigners who undergo successfully the almost prohibitory Government examinations. Thus far Doctor Mercy has had only primitive quarters in the church basement tucked away under the front steps. Now, she and her companions have a center where they can receive the sick

EVERY Catholic who has reached the age of reason is in a position to help, at least to the extent of an occasional prayer, in evangelizing the world.

properly and from which they can radiate into the primitive Korean homes.

With Maryknollers Among the Japanese—

ALTHOUGH Maryknollers are still hard at work on their first foundations in Japan, they feel quite at home in work among the Japanese for they have half a dozen Japanese parishes in Manchukuo, Korea, and on our own Pacific Coast.

At Dairen, which is the great Japanese port served by the South Manchuria Railway, there is an attractive church, a rectory, and a convent of Maryknoll Sisters caring for 650 Catholic Japanese. Small though this parish may seem to us, it is among the more important in the Japanese Empire where, except in the vicinity of

Nagasaki, the Catholic communities are not large.

At Fushun, center of the Manchu Knollers, there is an attractive Japanese chapel and rectory, and a pretty little convent occupied by two Maryknoll Sisters who have won their way into the hearts of many in this fast-growing Japanese colony.

At Peng Yang a tiny morsel of ground houses a combination chapel and rectory and a tumble-down school. Japanese are on the increase in this great city of northern Korea. They are likewise important in the Korean port of Chinnampo where still another Japanese parish is conducted by Maryknollers.

We are already familiar with the two parishes on the Pacific Coast, that in Los Angeles, and the second in Seattle. Los Angeles still lacks a chapel, but Seattle has a beautiful little structure which smacks of the Orient. In both cities there are large schools and sizable communities of Maryknoll Sisters.

Maryknollers engaged in Japanese work outside of Japan now number fifty-six.



WE ACKNOWLEDGE THEE TO BE THE LORD.

Christmas Comes To Daughter No. 5

By S. J. M.



THE LADY FOREIGN DEVII SMILED AND BENT DOWN TO SETTLE LITTLE DRAGON'S HAT AS GENTLY AS POSSIBLE ON HIS HEAD. "YOU GO HOME AND ASK YOUR MOTHER ABOUT IT."

IN Manchu-land, in December, when it is cold and one is poor, the minimum of fun is to be got out of being a little girl. At home, it is crowded, cold and sometimes stifling; abroad, the winds off the Gobi are not just *fresh*—they are positively insolent and have no respect for a thin little figure hidden under insufficient quilting. And these same winds can cuff a little bare head (howbeit the hair grows thick and is worn long), with bitterly icy paws. So, at best, it is not great fun to be a little girl in Manchu-land when it is December and cold and one is poor—but

to be all that and *Daughter Number Five* to boot is to establish a new *light weight championship* for having a minimum of fun.

Had *Daughter Number Five* only known it, it was Christmas week and in other, kinder climes, the short days were full of childish anticipation and Christian joy. But she was busy about

THE Maryknoll Sister in the Orient teaches Christ's love by a life of loving dedication. May one have your prayers and homeland sacrifices?

FLAME BEGETS FLAME, AND FAITH

just one thing, a trip from hut to herb doctor to be made as quickly as might be. For *Daughter Number Four* had mysterious pains in her head and was making the tiny home a hell of pain and screams.

"The wind has got into her head," said the mother distractedly. "See how cheaply you can get the doctor to take it out. Mind now! And take Little Dragon with you. Maybe the man will look at his scalp for the same price."

Little Dragon was Child Number Six and Son Number One and held a place of prominence and affection in the home which *Daughter Number Five* silently accepted. She had had just such sores on her scalp many and many a time, but they had to come and go, she supposed, as the devils decreed. Now she was quilted so poorly that she had to walk as fast as she could and *Little Dragon* was quilted so well that he could not keep up to her. And he had a hat, a real head covering, a foreign thing, which warmed and hid his head and half his ears and just now shaded the round, thoughtful face which was bent in weighty concentration on his padded sturdy legs. *Daughter Number Five* did not envy him the hat but she wished she had one too. She thrust her hands up her sleeves and trudged on.

A cry of surprise and chagrin from *Little Dragon* made her turn abruptly about, to see his peerless hat go spiraling through the air, rock, dip and flop, out of reach and out of sight, behind the high brick wall of the mission compound. *Little Dragon* stuck his fists in his eyes and wailed, peeped at her hopefully over his knuckles and then wailed some more. It was his subtle way of hinting that it was up to her to retrieve his lost property.

She looked at him mutinously. "All you have to do is to keep your head inside and you don't do it. You act like a girl child."

At this intolerable insult his lower lip turned farther out. Real tears welled up in his eyes. "I want it . . . I want my mother."

She snatched up his hand and towed him around to the gate. "You stop that noise or the foreign devils in here will make soup of you." The quaver in her voice revealed the very real fear in her

own fast beating heart. More than her words, it struck him with terror. He braced his feet and pulled away from her, howling with a lustiness of which he looked incapable, but born on the tide of her fear and anger, he was swept ingloriously through the open gate just the same.

And, there by the wall, holding the hat in her hand, stood one of the foreign devils, her face turned toward them with a wide smile. Daughter Number Five noticed that her skin was very white and her eyes were truly, astonishingly blue! Evidently she was just going from one small building to the other for, though her head was covered, her clothes were not padded and only a little gray shawl protected her shoulders from the wind. She walked towards them and spoke in slow but understandable Chinese.

"What is the matter? Is the little boy sick?"

"That is his hat. Give it to him."

"Of course! (But she held on to it!) You didn't bring him here for medicine then?"

"He . . ." It was on the tip of her tongue to say, "He's just afraid of you," when there stirred a memory of something she had heard about foreign devil doctors and she glanced up shrewdly. "You have medicine here?"

"Yes. Do you need some?"

"The wind has got into my sister's head and she howls with it. How much would you charge to take it out?"

"I cannot promise to take it out, and I would have to see her."

See her! What nonsense! And nothing about the price!

The lady foreign devil was coming closer to Little Dragon who was now howling in softer, more uncertain tones. She bent down to put his hat on his head. "But these sores . . ."

"If I pay you to take the wind out of my sister's head, will you take these off, for the same money?" Again shrewd and fearful eyes lifted to look into the blue ones.

The lady foreign devil smiled. "They won't come off right away but I can make them a little better today, and a little better three days from now and all well soon. How will that do?"

Daughter Number Five shifted her

feet. "But, the price?"

"There won't be any charge."

Such bounty must hide some fearful motive. Daughter Number Five siddled away. "No, then, no!"

The lady foreign devil smiled and bent down to settle Little Dragon's hat as gently as possible on his head. "You go home and ask your mother about it. Tell her I would be glad to take care of these (with a little indication of the

hand to Little Dragon's round cranium) and I will come to see your sister, if your mother wants me."

"The price?"

"A penny."

Honest, then, but stupid. A peculiar and poor bargainer. Daughter Number Five smiled, made a brief bow, took Little Dragon by the hand and began to propel him to the gate. She would ask her mother.

A Chinese woman came out of one of the small buildings and headed towards them. The foreign lady devil called to her."

"These children would love to see the Crib."

"It is not finished yet, Sister."

"No matter, they will like it. They might go in with you."

Encouraged by the security of being with one of their own and led by a great, wistful curiosity, the two found themselves before the Crib, which was small, incomplete and not too artistic, but became a modern marvel seen with their glinting, excited eyes. Malia, the Christian woman, began the Christmas story simply. She showed them the Child, telling them Who He was. A lump rose in Daughter Number Five's throat. She turned away and stumbled into the arms of the lady foreign devil. A great problem that had long filled her overflowed into thought and unto words.

"Even the great Lord of Heaven was a little boy. And there are boys—big ones—all around him." She shook a few hot tears at St. Joseph and the shepherds.

"We haven't put in everybody that belongs there," said the lady foreign devil softly. "Malia, finish your work."

And Daughter Number Five saw Malia, with clumsy and yet lovely reverence, make place for a woman in that miniature man-filled scene. And the woman stood nearest the Lord of Heaven. "His mother," Malia said, with distilled eloquence, and bent down to make the woman turn yet more fully and lovingly to the Child.

Daughter Number Five tugged at Malia's saam. "Tell me, tell me, all about her," she said huskily.

Malia began. "Once upon a time, a long time ago, there was a little girl...."



THE INFANT OF PRAGUE, A SHRINE IN ONE OF THE CORRIDORS AT THE MARY-KNOLL SISTER'S MOTHER-HOUSE

As the Sisters hurry past, busy about many things, the Infant, with the world in His tiny palm, reminds them of their special mission—to win souls for Him in fields afar

FULL COLOR PRINTS
of

Our Lady of the Snows

(Field Afar Cover, Dec., 1936)

6½" x 11"

and

Our Lady of the Night

(Field Afar Cover, Dec., 1935)

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LIGHTS CANDLES OVER THE EARTH.

THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1936

Peeps Into The Mail Bag

WE get many good ideas from other people's letters. Here is an instance:

With the payment of the bonus the Government gave good advice: *Spend wisely and for something you need.* So what better way could we spend some of the money than in a Perpetual Membership in Maryknoll? Thus we are laying up prayers for ourselves in time and for eternity. I enclose the \$50.

How thankful we are for this privilege! My name has been on the good book at Maryknoll for years, as was my mother's before me.—*Baltimore, Md.*

A second runs thus-wise:

I enclose \$5. Kindly send me a monthly reminder for similar \$5 payments, to be credited toward my dear departed mother's Perpetual Membership. Once the \$50 is paid I plan continuing to sponsor a missioner for five days a month.

Nothing during my thirty-three years of life has given so much lasting satisfaction and pleasure as the realization that I have a part, humble though it be, in the spreading of Christ's Kingdom on earth.—*Chelsea, Mass.*

Still another:

I have just been reading THE FIELD AFAR and my heart aches for those good missioners who are trying so hard to make Our Lord better known and loved.

The enclosed \$10 was meant for a new coat, but the one I have has done good service for six years, and can nicely go another winter. May God bless your great work.—*Stamford, Conn.*

These sponsors attribute blessings to the sacrifices they have made to aid a missioner in fields afar:

"After four years of hunting in vain for a job, I made a solemn promise to Our Lord that as soon as I secured another position I would support a missioner five days every month. For the past ten months I have worked every day, and during this time my wife and child have kept in good health. Past debts are being cleared away—all due, I think, to our monthly sacrifice."—*Indiana.*

"A short while ago my dear mother had a severe heart attack. I asked Our

Blessed Mother to help my mother, promising to send a monthly sponsor offering to Maryknoll to help support a missioner. It is with a grateful heart that I send the offering. My mother has rallied and is doing quite well, considering the severity of the attack."—*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

A truly Catholic couple write:

"When our 'budget' shows that we have any extra funds, as was the case this month, we shall consider it a privilege to add something to our sponsor dues."—*Dorchester, Mass.*

Another sponsor says:

"The few favors I have been able to extend Maryknoll workers have been a great privilege, and I only wish I could treble the amount this year."

Sometimes we hear it said that our people do not grasp the significance of the Church's task of winning the world. We do not believe it is true. There are thoughtless ones who live on the margin of Catholic life, but the rank and file of America's Catholics today understand the great ideals of the Church.

Most reassuring is the outstanding fact that whether it be help for the parish, the diocese, for our national Catholic institutions, or for the world Church in the way of foreign missions, the groundwork of all is sacrifice. The beauty in the gift is the pain it costs.

And this likewise is the greatness of the gift. We find among the notes left by our late Father General one which reads, "A large gift is a gift which calls for sacrifice—whether it be a so-called small sum, or a large sum. The sacrifice multiplies many times the amount of the gift to the missions."

Surely this is a view of things as God views them. It is because we can discern so clearly this deeply spiritual element in the giving which provides the life-blood of Maryknoll that we feel so conscious of the supreme beauty of even this material side of the Maryknoll enterprise.



TABLEAU OF A NATIVITY PLAY PRODUCED BY PARISH SCHOOL CHILDREN, KAYING, SOUTH CHINA. READ FATHER FRANCIS DONNELLY'S AMUSING ACCOUNT OF THE PRODUCTION ON PAGE 340

A BLESSED, HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Greetings and Grateful Jottings



ONE OF FATHER OTTO RAUSCHENBACH'S NEIGHBORS AT DOSING, SOUTH CHINA, AND HER YOUNG SON ALL DRESSED UP FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

CHRISTMAS greetings from all Maryknollers to all our benefactors! We have dedicated our lives to bring the glad tidings to fields afar; you make it possible by your generous cooperation. May the Christ Child grant you too the peace and joy that we feel as His heralds!

The Wuchow issue of THE FIELD AFAR seems to have had a special appeal for our readers. "The Case of Father Leo" was solved by a friend in Boston, Mass. Another Chapel will be built with the gift of a mission lover in Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y. So Monsignor Bernard F. Meyer, with a grateful prayer, can now change his report from 4 out of 15 to 6 out of 15 parish cen-

ters having buildings sufficient for their immediate needs.

Support for a Native Seminarian in Korea came through the S.P.F. Office in Boston, Mass., and for two Maryknoll Students at Los Altos from San Francisco, Calif.

Father William F. Schulz, pastor at

IF any friend has a Cabinet Phonograph which is no longer needed, it would gladden the hearts of Monsignor Meyer's South China missionaries in Wuchow, until recently the "City of no Conversions."

Tanchuk in South China, has been sponsored for the whole year by a generous friend in Cincinnati, Ohio. A gift for Father Joseph Sweeney, who is in charge of Maryknoll's *Leper Work* in South China, came from the same benefactor.

A *Stringless Gift* came from Minneapolis, Minn., and did wonders in cheering up our Bursar who always has more needs than he can fill.

Six *Wills* matured in favor of Maryknoll recently, and we were named as beneficiaries in three others.

STUDENT BURSES

A burse is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States.

FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY

(\$5,000 each)

St. VINCENT DE PAUL BURSE, No. 2 (Reserved).....	4,900.00
Mahan Memorial Burse	4,630.85
St. Anthony Burse.....	4,570.13
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse..	4,200.00
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse..	4,050.00
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse.....	3,995.59
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	3,161.94
St. Michael Burse, No. 1.....	3,065.00
N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
Marywood College Burse.....	2,882.00
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Burse.....	2,800.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,762.85
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	2,711.71
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	2,284.63
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse..	2,266.19
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	2,101.00
St. Bernadette of Lourdes Burse..	1,940.09
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,904.19
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,738.06
St. Agnes Burse.....	1,455.88
Fr. Nummey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill..	1,402.55
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	1,390.38
St. Francis of Assisi. No. 2 Burse	1,130.10
St. John Baptist Burse.....	1,121.21
Manchester Diocese Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	1,000.00
Detroit Diocese Burse.....	886.00
St. Rita Burse.....	772.65
St. Lawrence Burse.....	673.45
St. Joseph Burse, No. 2.....	661.20
Children of Mary Burse.....	655.70
St. Bridget Burse.....	630.70
Holy Family Burse.....	583.25
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	503.61
The Precious Blood Burse (Re- served)	500.00
The Holy Name Burse.....	481.65
St. Jude Burse.....	416.00
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	292.00
All Saints Burse.....	271.78
Rev. George M. Fitzgerald Burse.	233.00
St. John Berchmans Burse.....	201.00
Trinity "Wekanduit" No. 2 Burse	200.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	190.50
Newark Diocese Burse.....	157.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
St. Peter Burse.....	105.07
Queen of the Rosary Burse.....	105.00

TO ALL OUR FRIENDS AND BENEFACTORS.

THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1936

**FOR OUR PREPARATORY
COLLEGES
(\$5,000 each)**

<i>IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE.....</i>	4,802.00
<i>Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Re- served).....</i>	4,500.00
<i>"C" BURSE II.....</i>	1,851.60
<i>Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....</i>	1,727.80
<i>Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos).....</i>	1,444.95
<i>Most Rev. Michael J. Hoban Me- morial Burse.....</i>	1,232.00
<i>Bl. Virgin Mary Solitude Burse....</i>	1,001.00
<i>Our Lady's Circle Burse (Los Altos).....</i>	1,000.00
<i>St. Michael Burse.....</i>	696.32
<i>St. Aloysius Burse.....</i>	690.10
<i>Ven. Philippine Duchesne Burse (Los Altos).....</i>	427.00
<i>St. Philomena Burse.....</i>	215.00
<i>Holy Ghost Burse.....</i>	133.00
<i>Immaculate Conception Burse.....</i>	119.00
<i>St. Margaret Mary Burse.....</i>	113.00

Daly Memorial Burse (Reserved) .. 200.00

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Living: Reverend Friend, 1; J. M. B. & Relatives; Mrs. G. M. & Relatives; Mrs. W. A. L. & Relatives; A. S. & Relatives; M. J. & M. A. O'F.; W. E. & Relatives; K. B. & Relatives; A. M. & Relatives; T. T. & Relatives; Dr. P. C. S. & Relatives; I. Z.; L. J. K.; M. F.; C. J. D.; J. M. D.; S. A. & Relatives; M. R. & Relatives; Mr. & Mrs. J. J. & Relatives; W. & M. A. R.; B. H. & Relatives; J. L. D. & Relatives; J. U. H. & Relatives; M. E. B. & Relatives; A. H. B. & Relatives; N. H. & Relatives; J. & A. F.; F. P.; R. S. & Relatives; J. H. & Relatives; M.

George P. Hands; William Hands; Sarah Hands; Mary Hands; Charles L. Prefontaine; Joseph E. Simonin; Michael Cunningham; Josephine W. Sullivan; James W. McEnany; Annie M. Hillen; Rose Brophy; Relatives of Theresa C. Kelly.

ET LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EIS

WE ask prayers for the repose of the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Rt. Rev. J. J. McGlynn; Rev. Joseph C. Fleming; Mother Mary Francis; Sister M. Clare Cunningham; Sister M. Flavia, O.S.B.; Mrs. Mary Laura Feeney; Mrs. Mary Foley; Miss M. A. Charlton; Winifred Kennedy; Mrs. John Daubach; James Concannon; Mr. Kieffer; Mrs. Margaret Colby; Mary Millard; Mrs. James Mooney; Mr. C. W. O'Brien; Mrs. Margaret Sanford; Mrs. Mary Flynn; Elizabeth Duffe; Mrs. Mary Dunn; Mrs. Margaret McDonald; John W. Kiernan; Bernard J. Glynn; Catherine McNabb; Mr. Hackett; Robert White; Henry Marborough; Margaret Reilly; Mrs. Bridget Reilly; Mrs. Mary Walsh; Mrs. Mary Cummings; James N. Sheekey.



The Maryknoll Play Catalogue will be sent on request.
Address: MARYKNOLL PLAY LIBRARY, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

<i>SS. ANN AND JOHN BURSE...</i>	1,450.00
<i>Little Flower Burse.....</i>	1,148.89
<i>Blessed Sacrament Burse.....</i>	1,335.50
<i>Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....</i>	1,218.00
<i>Mater Admirabilis Burse.....</i>	1,083.00
<i>A.L. Burse (Reserved).....</i>	1,400.00
<i>Mary Mother of God Burse.....</i>	808.13
<i>McQuillen-Blömer Memorial Burse</i>	800.00
<i>Christ the King Burse. No. 2.....</i>	702.00
<i>Margaret Mary Memorial Burse (Reserved).....</i>	600.00
<i>Flynn Memorial Burse (Reserved).....</i>	596.62
<i>Maryknoll Academic Burse.....</i>	301.60
<i>Daly Memorial Burse (Reserved).....</i>	400.00
<i>St. Patrick Burse.....</i>	255.00
<i>Sacred Heart of Jesus—F. W. Burse</i>	200.00

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Deceased: Dr. Ella M. Caryl; Elizabeth F. Stelzer; Thomas S. Kelty; Bridget T. McGlynn; Margaret Rice; Christina McMarthy; Mary A. Daly; Margaret Moran; Josephine G. Cram; Martha Cloke; Edward F. Hands;

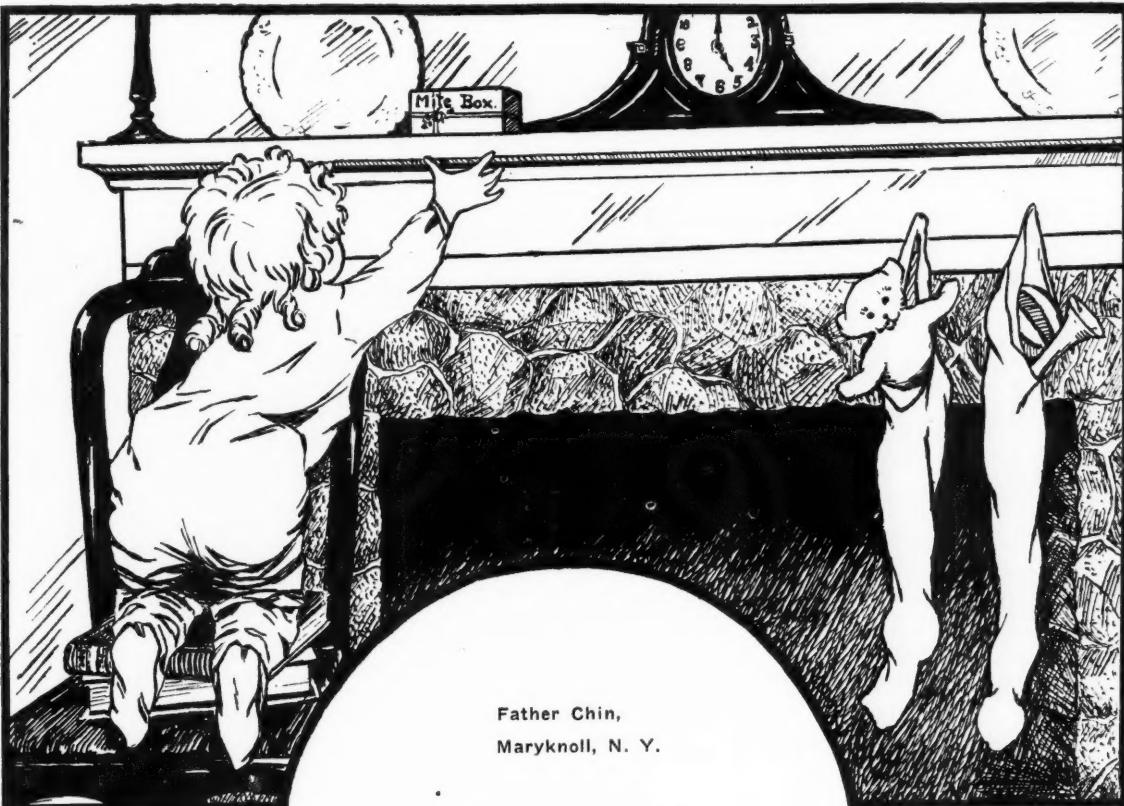
A BOOK CLUB FOR CHILDREN

We feel that one of the happiest of the inspirations which have prompted the various forms of book-of-the-month clubs is that which has brought into being the *Pro Parvulis Book Club*, which has its headquarters at 207 Atlantic Street, Stamford, Conn.

The *Pro Parvulis Club* aims to select good reading for Catholic children. We would be very happy if from time to time a book could be found that sets forth the mission ideal of the Church.

"THAT only one soul should be lost owing to our tardiness and want of generosity; that only one missionary should have to stop work for lack of those means which we might have furnished him, this is a high responsibility of which we have perhaps not thought too frequently in the course of our life."—Pius XI.

HE WHO HELPS AN APOSTLE BECOMES AN APOSTLE.



Father Chin,
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Dear Father Chin,

I wish to add my mites to those of other girls and boys and so give the Christ Child a ransomed pagan baby for a Birthday Gift on December 25th. Enclosed please find ransom money.

Besides, I would like to help the missions during the coming year by my little prayers and sacrifices. Would you please tell me how to go about this and send me a Maryknoll Junior Enrollment Blank to fill out?

Wishing you and all the Maryknoll Juniors a MERRY CHRISTMAS, I am

Sincerely in the Christ Child,

NAME

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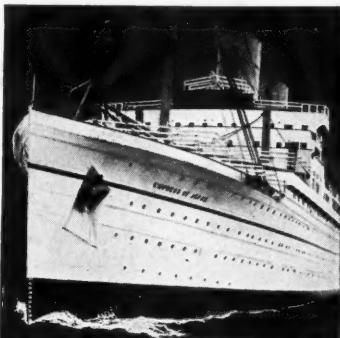
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